

Health Hints :- Fashions :- Woman's Work :- Household Topics

Disposition and Marriage

By DOROTHY DIX.

Mrs. Charles Ellinwood, a social worker in Boston, thinks that a great many unhappy marriages might be prevented if applicants for a marriage license had to go before a commission and answer certain heart-searching questions satisfactorily. Among the queries that she would propound to both the prospective bride and bridegroom is this one: "What sort of a disposition have you?" It is beyond reason to expect anybody to have either the personal knowledge of his or her own character or the candor of a woman to answer this question honestly. You wouldn't expect a man to stand up in his blood and admit that he was selfish, stingy, and mean, and tyrannical, or a woman to confess that she had a serpent's tongue and was naggy, and mean, and narrow-minded, because in the first place none of us ever tell anything to our discredit that we can help in the second place we never have the courage to get acquainted with ourselves and find out what we really are, and if we do we dodge meeting face to face from the cradle to the grave in our final selves.

If I'm much comfort to a woman to know that her husband really loves her she has got a fiendish temper that causes him to blaze out at her and say such things in the heat of anger.

It is no consolation to the man, who as to live with a woman who nags the very soul out of him, to be aware that he would die for him if it were necessary. In these days nobody has to die for us, but we have to live with the kind of dispositions that we married.

If I were a man looking for a wife, before ever I led a blushing maiden to an altar she would have had to prove to me that she had a good disposition, shouldn't bother about whether she was thin or homely, or fat or thin, or whether she read Ibsen or Marie Corelli, but I should concentrate my attention on ascertaining whether she was amiable or irritable, whether she was placid or nervous, whether she was a good first class worrier or one who took things as they came.

And I'd pick out my wife, not by her looks or her brilliancy, but by her disposition. For beauty fades and wit is a blade-edged sword that cuts and slashes in the family circle, but a woman who is cheerful, loving, sweet tempered and good natured makes her home a haven of peace and rest, in which a man may drop safe anchor for all his days.

And if I were a girl, I wouldn't look at the width of a man's shoulders, nor the color of his eyes, nor ask whether his income was \$100 or \$10,000 a year, but I would find out what sort of a disposition he had, and whether I would have to go in terror of it the balance of my life if I married him or whether I could snuggle down into his warmth and tenderness and be happy ever after.

It's not the big things that count in matrimony. It's the little things, and an acre of agreeability is worth a ton of bristling virtues. That's why men and women should inquire into each other's dispositions before they make their fatal jump into wedlock.

Bump of Pugnacity

Phrenologists believe that certain bumps on the head indicate certain possibilities regarding temper, intellectual activities, genius, and so on. They tell a story of a woman who taught school in the old-fashioned "rough" neighborhood that was sometimes to be found in very respectable communities. She had to fight in one way or another a very restless and disagreeable element in her school, and the result was a development of the pugnacity in her make-up. It was asserted that the bumps, or knobs, whichever you wish to call them, behind her ears, grew so large in that the year of war that they intruded upon her ears and made them stick out. Then some one discovered that, if very angry, it was a good plan to put a wet rag on these bumps behind the ears, and straightway the anger would be soothed and the temper be under control. The teacher tried it, and seemed satisfied with the result. However, that may have been only the result of mental suggestion, and not really due to the wet rag. One cannot go about with a wet rag all the time, if one happens to live in the midst of dissension, and it would be much easier to learn something of the rules of mental suggestion, especially if the suggestion comes from within one's self.

Men have acquired this power to a greater extent than women, and can say the most unkind things and howl at one another when trying a case, or in the stock exchange, and not be troubled by it in the least, utterly ignoring the personal unless in a man-to-man talk. But if a still hurtful woman, when rude things or what they think rude, are hurled at them in "meeting,"—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax

A Gift for the Hostess.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am going to spend a week-end at the home of a girl who lives in the country. I have only spoken to her about half a dozen times, so would like to know if it would be in good form to bring her a small gift. If so, what would you suggest? I am well acquainted with her brother, and he has asked you to take some small gift to your hostess. A pretty candlestick, a book, some small ornament for the home or merely a box of choice candy would be a perfectly good taste. Do not take anything that falls into the class of wearing apparel or an article of personal adornment. The type of gift you want to take is a "house present."

Try to Be Sensible.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am a girl 16 years old. Living next door to my home here is an elderly man about 65 or 70 years old. He pays quite a lot of attention to me. He has asked me several times to go out with him. He has a machine, which seems to attract my attention very much. I have never been introduced to him.

H. W. B.

My dear child, you most distinctly must not go out with any man to whom you have not been introduced. And no little 16-year-old girl is justified in imagining herself infatuated with a man old enough to be her father. Just forget all this nonsense and don't permit this man to classify you as a little goose whose head is turned by flattery and the slight of an automobile.

Play as Education

By C. F. THWING, LL.D.

President Western Reserve University.

"The games which we have taught the Filipinos," said the director of education in the island, "have done for them more than all the other civilizing influences which America has brought. Before we came to the islands the boys practically had no games and no play. They had some simple pastimes only. The girls had even less than their brothers. The games we have taught—a dozen or more in all—have brought these boys into their stronger and happier selves."

Such testimony has value for other parts of the world than the Philippine Islands. For plays and athletic games stand for great things in the development of character and of American life.

The game and play stand for teamwork. The ball game means five men, or nine men, or eleven men, working as one man. Each throws aside himself as a selfishness, putting that whole selfishness into the whole mass.

The game and the play also mean wholesome, inspiring rivalry. Rivalry gives zest, interest, sparkle to life. It means vigor, enlargement of power, energy.

Furthermore, games represent imagination. The player in advance sees what he wishes to gain. He also understands the method for reaching the goal. He has at once vision and pre-vision. Inspiration gives imagination, and imagination creates inspiration.

Games also are an aid in getting on with people. They aid in the promotion of proper relationships with both associates and antagonists. Games mean freedom from cantankerousness. They promote adjustment of personality to personality.

Educated men who fall at all usually fail either because of a lack of moral backbone or because they cannot get on with other people. Playing of games is a training in getting on with everyone. Every man who succeeds is obliged to adjust his life to the morally lame, to the ethically halt and to the intellectually blind.

Without himself becoming feeble or near-sighted he has to relate himself properly to hard conditions. Adjusting himself to associates and to antagonists he is disciplined to the promotion of good fellowship.

Games also are a discipline in bearing life's defeats bravely and life's victories humbly. Such a training is of special value to the American youth. American youths are inclined to allow themselves to be flung by defeat into the blue depths of despair.

They are also usually free to permit themselves to be lifted by victory on the crests of advancing waves of exultation. Either mood is foolish. The result of the playing of games should be a training for sailing life's seas on an even keel.

A further value of games and of all plays is seen in the bearing of responsibility under the great law of liberty. Every game is more or less of a free game. Each player is obliged to make certain decisions, but this freedom is regulated by the laws of the game.

It is at once a king and a servant. Responsibility, liberty and law are represented in every game which is played. The game trains one for the responsibility and the liberty of life, and also for obedience to law. The game is a microcosm of life.

It should be added that all games and plays properly undertaken and carried forward are a minister to health. Health is a by-product of play, but it is a by-product which is a larger value than any direct result.

Of course, games in America and the Philippines may be so played as to augment evil. The evils of the under-valuation of the spiritual and the intellectual, of the overvaluation of the physical, of the elimination of life's serious purposes, of unwholesome antagonism and rivalry are evident enough. But, properly played and properly played, all games represent the saner conditions and the safer and stronger forces of American life.

Grace Darling's Talks to Girls

No. 3—The Way to Find Friends in the World

By GRACE DARLING.

The Charming Young American Moving Picture Star.

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A great many girls complain that they have no friends, and feel they are most unjustly treated because they are not popular in their social sets.

If these girls would ask themselves the question: "Why should people like me?" instead of "Why don't people like me?" they would get some information that would be of untold helpfulness to them.

Why should people like us unless we are friendly, agreeable, cheery, companionable? There is no reason that they should, and, as a matter of fact, they don't.

I have never known a girl who was lonely, and friendless, and left out of everything who hadn't herself entirely to blame. Sometimes it's because she is a natural born cat, one of those spiteful, spitty creatures who to save their lives can't help clawing you on your tender spots.

The kind of girl, you know, who will take all of the pleasure out of your new ring by saying, "What a pretty little ring. It's wonderful how well those cheap little chip diamonds make up, isn't it?" Or who will congratulate an engaged girl by telling her that she's glad Tom has found somebody who was willing to marry him at last, as he has been refused by every other girl in the set.

Why should a girl who goes through life using her tongue like a stiletto, stabbing everybody with whom she comes in contact, expect to be liked and for people to want to have her about?

Sometimes the unpopular girl is just plain selfish. She seizes the best of everything for herself. She monopolizes all of the men that she can, and when she meets a new man, she would die before she would introduce him to another girl.

Now society is run on the give-and-take plan, and just because the selfish girl believes that she can always take and never give, she overreaches herself, and in the end Miss Piggy is shelved.

Sometimes the reason that a girl has no friends is because she is a spoil sport. She never wants to do what other people want to do. If the others want to dance, she wants to skate. If the others want to play tennis, she wants to go paddling. Or she is one of the sticky kind of girls that has to have everything exactly right before she can enjoy it. She can't eat unless she can have a certain kind of food cooked in a particular manner. She can't sit backwards on a car, or walk in the sun, or sit in a draught, and she has to be fussed with so much that she simply isn't worth the trouble.

She's a wet blanket on any jolly little party, and after an experience or two in trying to please her, and listening to her complaints, everybody decides that the best place for her is her own home. So they leave her there.

There are too many agreeable and friendly people who are ready to meet us half way and make themselves pleasant for us to bother with the cranky and grouchy and people with "ways" that we would have to put up with if we have anything to do with them. So we leave them up, and show them attention, and to pry them out of their shells of reserve.

What conceit! What arrogance! What peculiar worth and charm has any one got that makes it worth busy people's time and trouble to seek a girl out, and make friends with her in spite of herself?

There are too many agreeable and friendly people who are ready to meet us half way and make themselves pleasant for us to bother with the cranky and grouchy and people with "ways" that we would have to put up with if we have anything to do with them. So we leave



A Strikingly Pretty Pose of Grace Darling.

A Fictionless Fable for the Fair Girl Who Tried on a New Love Before She Had Tried Out the Old

By ANNE LISLE.

There was once a girl who, without being very pretty or very clever or very worthy, had the beautiful gift of attracting whomever attracted her. As a result women (with whom she didn't care to bother) were very indifferent to her, but men—ah! that was a different story and is my story.

Once upon a time Joy (for that was her name) met a very clever man with red hair and blue eyes and no claim to good looks and a great deal of money. The sense of humor that went with his red hair amused her, and the keenness his blue eyes indicated stimulated her. But his bank account, truthfully advertised as "running well up into five figures," accentuated his two physical good points and cast a merciful shadow over all his bad ones.

Joy found Eric altogether desirable and managed to make Eric think she was altogether to be desired.

At Christmas time Eric's good-looking younger brother came to spend his vacation from college with the big brother who was paying his way through. And Eric proudly introduced the boy of whom he was so proud to the young woman of whom he expected to have the right to be proud soon.

Brother Jimmie had black-fringed brown eyes and the sort of hair women want to run their fingers through. He had also a slim, upright young figure, good shoulders and a way of wearing his clothes like another way—a taking way when it came to feminine hearts.

Brother Jimmie took little Joy's heart—and took it quite unawares. He looked very young and innocuous and Joy managed to convey to Eric the impression that Jimmie's greatest charm lay in the fact of his being somebody's brother.

Eric had meant to present Joy with a two and a half-carat white stone as a combined Christmas gift and pledge of affix to follow all through her lifetime. But that bank account in five figures had not accrued by chance, and observing Joy's joy in Jim, Eric decided the ring would do just as well for a New Year's present.

In the meantime Eric had a great many business matters to settle after his long western trip, and James was a beginner off on a vacation from law school.

Joy's New Year's resolution was to settle down solemnly with Eric. Jimmie's New Year's resolution was to be on the level with the whole world from now on. He began on big brother's and told him all about his flirtation with that pretty little Joy girl.

And Eric, looking at his own stubby features and red hair and blue eyes, and bringing the concomitant sense of humor and shrewdness to bear on the situation, figured out that the \$500 he had expended on a certain platinum-set jewel wasn't going to bring in the right sort of interest.

And within a week after the New Year, wise little Joy was woe to her own sorrow. Little brother Lochinvar had gone back to the west without taking any maiden fair along. And big brother was too absorbed in business to answer any personal calls on his phone or to make personal calls over it.

Moral—Girls who take one last fling in flirtation before "settling down" lightly, generally have to "settle up" heavily.

Child Labor and Its Effect on Health

By WOODS HUTCHINSON, M. D.

The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects.

PART II.

Many of us can recall the time when for a farmer to "give a boy his time" before he was twenty-one years old and let him start out for himself was considered a generous and most magnanimous concession. And there is not the slightest question that under this ancient rule children were abominably overworked at tender ages to the serious and lasting detriment to their health in rural towns and villages, and even out upon farms in the innocent, healthy, open country.

In fact, one of the principal reasons for the existence of the "big old fashioned families" of ten and twelve of an earlier day whose disappearance we sometimes sentimentally regret was their value as a source of income to their thrifty paternal ancestor, who could collect from eight to ten years' wages from each one of them before they gained their industrial freedom.

In fact, next to the greedy and unprincipled mill owner and the politician whom they control, our principal opponent in the fight against child labor is this precious piece of parent, who, having married a wife able to support him and bear him a large family of children as well, considers that he is "made for life," and has nothing else to do but collect his profits as soon as his older children begin to attain working age.

And, unfortunately, nearly all the customs and traditions of the law are in his favor, and we have to fight in our attempt to put an end to child labor, not merely big business but the legislature, the legal profession and the courts, the latter of whom, including the United States supreme court, lose no first opportunity of declaring any anti-child labor act unconstitutional.

The only reason why we are fighting child labor in factories, mills and mines alone is first, that the spectacle of scores or hundreds of children ill-treated in public schools and reverts us; secondly, that we can reach it there by law in public establishments, while we can't as yet in private ones, and in homes.

We can reach the worst and most outrageous instances, it is true, by the means of the various laws punishing cruelty to children, but these also, like child labor laws, are very recent, and when first proposed were bitterly fought by all the conservative influences and classes upon exactly the same grounds, that they were interfering in the sacred relations between parent and child, breaking up the sanctity of the family home and destroying ancient and undisturbed rights.

Some of the most outrageous and distressing instances of overwork and underfeeding of young children on record have occurred not in mills or mines or factories, but upon farms and in homes by ignorant, penurious or dissipated parents, or by close-fisted farmers, practicing that last surviving form of bond slavery, taking over a "bound boy" or girl from the town, farm or county poor-house like "Little Orphan Annie" of blessed memory.

Do You Know That

Stars can be seen at midday from the bottom of a deep well.

The spray from the Zambesi waterfall wets the bridge, which is more than 90 feet above.

The bodies of jelly fish are so soft that they are often destroyed by their own weight.

A news agent who sells a paper containing libel is liable for action.

Starch or flour added to water will make it keep hot longer.

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